THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sketch of the Life and Writings of Abraham Tucker, Esq. authour of "The Light of Nature Pursued."

(*Concluded from page* 118.)

THE enumeration of these little peculiarities, may, I am aware, have the effect of casting something like ridicule on Mr. Tucker's biographer; but I must entreat the indulgent reader to carry in his mind, through the whole of this humble sketch, the notice with which I introduced it to the publick, that few important incidents were to be expected in tracing the life of Mr. Tucker; and I trust that men who admire the original genius displayed in the annexed work, will not find their time wholly misemployed in perusing those little indications of character, which in the failure of more weighty incidents may serve to give some idea of the nature and formation of the authour's mind.

Mr. Tucker lived in habits of considerable intimacy, when in town, with a near relation who had a house in the same street. This was Mr. James Tillard, a gentleman highly distinguished by his classical attainments and general knowledge; and who was one of the numerous authours of that time who opposed, by their writings, the opinions of Bishop Warburton.

It does not appear, that his intimacy with Mr. Tillard, during the progress of this controversy, led Mr. Tucker to take any part in the dispute, though I am disposed to believe that he thought lightly of some opinions of the learned Prelate, from an admirable specimen of sarcastick humour which I meet with in one of his private letters, in evident reference to a passage in the Bishop's work on the divine legislation of Moses.

Besides Mr. Tucker's attainments in literature and the sciences, he was perfectly skilled in merchant's accompts, and kept the books relating to his private affairs, and to some charitable institutions, of which he was a member, with all the regularity of an accompting-house. He acted as a magistrate with great assiduity in the division of the populous county in which he resided, though, from a dislike to publick meetings, he rarely attended the quarter-sessions.

His incessant application gradually weakened his eyes, and, at length, brought on cataracts, which increased so much, in consequence of a fever in 1771, that he could no longer amuse himself by reading, and soon afterwards became totally blind.

This affliction, the greatest that could befal a man of his pursuits, he not only bore with composure, and resignation, but with the utmost cheerfulness, being frequently much diverted with the mistakes into which his infirmity betrayed him.

His favourite object, however, was not abandoned in consequence of this calamity; his mechanical ingenuity enabling him to direct the construction of a machine which guided his hand, and helped him to write so legibly that his productions were easily transcribed by an amanuensis.

It was at this period, that the amiable character of his daughter had occasion to display itself. It would be as impossible to do justice to the filial affection, to the nice and unwearied attentions, by which she contrived to mitigate the weight of her father's misfortunes, as any attempt would be hopeless, to express the obligations for which the Editor of this work has, in succeeding years, been indebted to her tenderness and attention, to her precept and example. She transcribed the whole of this voluminous work for the press: and so entirely did she devote her time, like Milton's daughter, to those pursuits which would make her most useful to her father, that she applied herself to the study of the Greek language, in which she made such a proficiency as enabled her to preserve to her father, during the remainder of his life, an intercourse with his favourite authours, of which his misfortune otherwise must have deprived him.

During Mr. Tucker's blindness, he completed the latter volumes of "The Light of Nature," but before the necessary arrangements of their publication were concluded, he was seized, in 1774, with an illness, which proved fatal: and he died, as he had lived—with perfect calmness and resignation.

Having thus stated the few particulars I have been enabled to select from the manuscripts in my possession, relative to the life of the authour of "The Light of Nature," I shall venture to offer a very few observations on the edition which I have thought it my duty to publish.

To attempt any commentary on the work itself would be presumptuous on my part: the most ample testimony has already been given to the original genius, the moral excellence, the benevolence, and the perspicuity of the authour, by many of the most enlightened men of the present age. Some of them with that spirit of liberality which accompanies preeminent talents, have openly acknowledged the assistance which they derived from Mr. Tucker's researches.*

I have thought it incumbent on me, as his sole surviving representative, to reprint his work, in consequence of the various applications to me for it, and the scarcity of the remaining copies.

It has indeed been suggested to me, that an abridgment of the whole of these volumes might have been more acceptable to the world at large, or, that the bulk might have been conveniently reduced by the omission of the most abstruse and metaphysical parts, without injury to the general argument and essential object of the work.

Feeling, however, the great difficulty that must attend such an abridg-

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* In his preface to "Moral and Political Philosophy," Dr. Paley says, "There is one work to which I owe so much, that it would be ungrateful not to confess the obligation; I mean the writings of the late Abraham Tucker, Esq. part of which were published by himself, and the remainder, since his death, under the title of "The Light of Nature Pursued," by Edward Search, Esq. I have found in this writer, more *original thinking*, and observation upon the several subjects that he has taken in hand, than in many other, not to say, in *all others put together*. His *talent*, also, for *illustration is unrivalled*. But his thoughts are diffused through a long, various, and irregular work. I shall account it no mean praise, if I have sometimes been able to dispose into method, to collect into heads and articles, or to exhibit in more complete and tangible masses, what, in that otherwise *excellent performance*, is spread over too much surface.

ment or selection, and conscious of my own insufficiency, for the undertaking, and entertaining, moreover, some scruples as to the right of an editor to compress or curtail the work of his authour according to his own notions of convenience or improvement, I have judged it most expedient, on mature consideration, to republish it as it came from the pen of Mr. Tucker.

I am aware, that the immediate connexion between the various subjects treated on in the work, may not appear obvious to many of Mr. Tucker's readers, and that something in the nature of an analysis of the general scheme of the authour would have been extremely desirable. I was, indeed, in hopes to have offered some observations on this head to the publick, from the pen of Sir James M'Intosh, had not the pressure of professional engagements interfered, and the high situation to which he has been called in a distant country, finally defeated the plan he had in contemplation.

It will be observed, that I have ventured to restore a chapter,† which treats on a point that has been thought by the most able commentators on The New Testament, to be involved in much doubt and obscurity. I am aware, that in this instance, I expose myself to the censure of many of Mr. Tucker's warmest admirers, by whom I may be accused of something more than indiscretion, in submitting opinions to the publick eye, which the prudence and good sense of his immediate successour had thought it wise to suppress, in the former edition. I must, however, observe, with the most sincere veneration for the memory of the person to whom I have had frequent occasion to allude, that the circumstances under which the work is now sent to the press, are widely different from those under which it made its first appearance.

Whether the authour, when he published the fragment on Freewill, had it in contemplation to extend his materials to the present length of the work, or whether he found himself gradually led on, as he pursued his subject, must remain a doubt. His earliest production is unquestionably the most abstruse of all his works. Nor did the four volumes he published before his death, meet with that encouragement from the publick, which they have since been thought to deserve. Their title was unfortunate and contributed to raise prejudices against them. At the time of the publication many fanciful theories were afloat on subjects of religious controversy: these had disgusted the publick, and a work, professing in its title page, to pursue The Light of Nature, might be reasonably suspected as unfavourable to the doctrines of Revelation. On this ground, therefore, it was thought advisable, by the respectable authorities with whom the late editor consulted, when she printed the posthumous works of her father, to suppress a part of them which did not appear essential to the general scheme of the authour and might tend to confirm the prejudice raised by the title. But the motive which operated most strongly on the mind of the late Mrs. Tucker, on this occasion was, her conviction that her father was strictly and conscientiously attached to the doctrines of the Church of England, and she was cautious of hazarding any thing which might expose his principles to an opposite construction, and which, she was aware, would be eagerly caught at by those who differed from the established persuasion.

Such were the motives which influenced the conduct of the former Editor, in suppressing a chapter which treats on the construction of the four first verses in the Gospel, according to St. John. Her objections, to its publication, however judicious at that moment, have now lost much of their weight. The prejudices excited by the title have vanished, on the world becoming acquainted with the contents. The religious and moral principles of the authour have stood the test of publick investiga-

† Chap. xxii "Word, or Logos" Vol. III.

tion, and no longer remain open to misapprehension. The sentiments, the doctrines, the arguments, and the illustrations in every part of the work are equally those of Mr. Tucker: and the particular chapter of which I am speaking, was prepared in his own hand writing for the Press. The great and benevolent object of the authour was the establishment and promulgation of truth: his conjectures (for they are no more) on this abstruse point, should they prove satisfactory, may tend to that desirable end by their publication: should they be thought otherwise, it can reflect no discredit on his memory to have hazarded an unsuccessful opinion on a subject which the most learned and enlightened men have acknowledged themselves unequal to explain.

BIOGRAPHY.

For The Port Folio.

There are generous passions in the soul of man that only want to be roused into action. A well written amiable life has prompted numbers to live well. From Plutarch's Lives to the Pocket Biographical Dictionary all writings of this kind are highly valuable, as setting examples to imitate, or erecting beacons to avoid. In the following life of the late Mr. William Lake, a na ive of Pennsylvania, so much of the blameless will be discerned that there is nothing which virtue would shun, and so much of genius and industry conspicuousthat youthful emulation will do wisely to imitate.

LIFE OF WILLIAM LAKE,

A native of Pennsylvania.

Few duties are more grateful, and not unfrequently, few more difficult than those, which friendship calls upon us to perform. An interchange, not only of affection and esteem, but of real and even laborious acts of kindness, is what friends mutually expect from each other, and what, indeed, is a necessary proof of the sincerity of their attachment. They are not only to wander hand in hand through the fields of enjoyment, and pluck together the rose-buds of delight, but to soften the cares, relieve the necessities, and gratify the wishes of each other. Feeling this so sacred obligation, I have entered upon a task, which no other motives could ever have induced me to undertake.

The little tale of a friend's short and sorrowing pilgrimage through this vale of tears, and the effusions of a lyre, which might in time have breathed a nobler strain, are presented, not to the askance eye of Criticism, but to the observation and patronage of those, whose bosoms, like his, have glowed with the desire of fame, and who dread nothing, more than the midnight of oblivion. If he had a failing, it was his wish to live in remembrance. With a kind of mysterious prediction, he used to declare that his journey to the tomb would be short, but though short, Time should hasten it, without a murmur, could his name but be written on the pages of immortality. His Sun set before this wish was realized. Perhaps it was the offspring of vanity, and yet it is one characteristick of a noble mind. To me he bequeathed his little volume of manuscripts, with a wish that it might merit publication, but at the same time with a strict injunction to hazard it. "Should it perish," said he, "so will its authour have perished before it."

In compliance with this last request of my friend, a short sketch of his life, collected partly from his journal, and partly from my personal knowledge, is submitted, together with his "disjecta membra poetæ," to the publick.

William Lake was born in the County of Luzerne, (Penn.) on the twentieth day of September, 1787. His father, Joseph Lake, though condemned by misfortune to tread the lower walks of life, had once enjoyed the smiles of affluence, and received an education which, had his inclination prompted him to improve it, might justly have entitled him to a high rank among the sons of science. He was born and educated at Eton in England; but fond of roving, and a warm enthusiast for liberty, he left it at an early age, for what he termed the "western wilds of freedom," and crossing the Atlantick, settled, after various removes, at Kingston, the place of my friend's nativity.

And here, did I need the aid of fiction to embellish my narrative, and render it almost a "tale of wonder," my friend might be represented as "lisping in numbers," and as singing even in the cradle; but he like other bards, overstepped not the order of nature. The morning of childhood dawned upon him as upon other men—his meridian of manhood and evening of age never arrived. After a common school education, under a man at whose lash even genius trembled, he was removed from the threshold of science upon which he was just entering, to assist his father in the pursuits of husbandry. This task, though dissonant to his feelings, and at which he sometimes even raised a

murmur, was perhaps the cause of that glow of imagination and plaintive tenderness of feeling, which ever after characterized him. A mind like his, ever on the wing, found in the scenes of Nature, with which he was daily conversant, a thousand objects to arrest attention, and a thousand sources, from which to derive the flowers of fancy. In such a school, Shakspeare was educated. Here, too, that melancholy, which shades so frequently the pictures of the poet, was interwoven, as it were, with his very constitution. He felt his situation to be a hard one, and scorned the vale of retirement, when so many were climbing the steep of fame. Like the "Minstrel," he preferred the stillness of solitude to the "haunts of men," and spent most of his leisure hours alone, in forming plans of future greatness, a greatness which he scarce hoped life enough to enjoy. At the age of thirteen, a happy reverse in his father's fortune, enabled him to place my friend in a situation, where every literary advantage was afforded him. Removed from the plough, to the school at Bethlehem, his prospects began to brighten, and the "*morn*" of his days to be, for a short time, to use his own words, "*merry* indeed."

He now entered upon that course of studies, which were preparatory to his admission at some publick seminary, and pursued it with all the avidity of a mind eager for the acquisition of science, as the sure means of celebrity. But even here, though bending under severer studies, his soul was alive to those feelings, which are at once "the torment and delight of life." He felt an attachment, the circumstances of which, by his own request, are buried in oblivion. It was for him a most unfortunate attachment, as it entangled him in difficulty, unfitted him for serious, energetick exertion, and above all, drew upon him a father's displeasure. Though young, he scorned to gainsay professions he had again and again made, and persisted in the resolution of preserving that affection, which he well knew must be the cause of obscuring many a sunbeam of happiness. For this reason, his little bark was turned adrift on the ocean of life, and "swung from the peaceful moorings" of classical retirement, to be buffetted by the waves of adversity. He left his paternal mansion, with a determination never again to see it, and, at the tender age of fifteen, wandered without a friend or protector. It was his intention, if possible, to gain subsistence, by doing the duties of an apprentice in a store, in some populous city. With this view he bent his course to Philadelphia, and after many fruitless exertions, accomplished his object. It was in this situation, I first became acquainted with him, and it was there that most of the following productions were composed. The incidents which afterwards checkered his life were such as would neither amuse nor interest the reader. Between fifteen and eighteen his busines led him in different parts of the Union, and even to Europe, returning from which he paid the debt of nature on the morning of the fifteenth of December, eighteen hundred and five.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio

Mr. Fellowes, the authour of an instructive and elegant work, entitled Christian Philosophy, which, however, is not perfectly *orthodox*, is thus candidly described by Dr. Parr: "Mr. F. has written several books both upon political and religious subjects, but, in my opinion, the ablest of them is "The Picture of Christian Philosophy." He is curate of Harbury in Warwickshire, where I have often seen him employed among a well chosen collection of books, and have been much pleased with his conversation upon many interesting points of Ethicks, Literature, and Divinity. I am bound to say that I am acquainted with no clergyman in this or any neighbouring county, who is more respectable than Mr. F. for diligence in his studies, for acuteness in his understanding, for purity in his principles, for regularity and earnestness in the discharge of his clerical duties, or integrity in the whole tenour of his life. He possesses only a scanty income, and has no prospect, I believe, of ecclesiastical preferment. But he administers medicine to the sick, he gives alms to the needy, he offers instruction to the ignorant, he visits the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and keeps himself in no common degree "unspotted from the world." I know him to be a determined enemy to real impiety; to be a sincere believer in the gospel; to be a laborious student, sound scholar, masterly writer, and honest man. He professes Christianity from conviction, he explains it with perspicuity, he defends it with ardour, and he comments upon the temper and actions of its Blessed Authour with reverence the most profound and eloquence the most impressive.

Upon two or three points of controversial Divinity, I differ from Mr. F., but the general merits of his work are *very great indeed*; and, if I am not strangely mistaken, few persons, however extensive may be their knowledge, however rooted their faith, however exalted their piety, have perused it without increase of that knowledge, without confirmation of that faith, or without the most active and delightful exercise of that piety. Many of the observations are judicious, and some of them profound. The style is clear, animated, and elegant. The spirit of the writer is, as it ought to be, tolerant towards Christians of every sect, but indignant against those wretches who would undermine the principles of morality, or who scoff at the evidences of religion natural and revealed. I have lately conversed with some intelligent persons, whose sentiments about Mr. F.'s book are similar to mine; and in the honour of their impartial suffrages as well as the consciousness of his own meritorious exertions, he will find ample compensation for the injustice which has been done to them by an unknown accuser."

Walter Scott, Esq. whose honoured name is now perfectly familiar to every lover of poetical description, has lately published a ballad which we are solicitous to preserve in this paper. The gayety of the beginning, contrasted with the solemnity of the conclusion of this terrifick ballad cannot fail to strike all who relish The Castle of Otranto, or The Romance of the Forest.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

This tale is imitated rather than translated from a fragment introduced in Goethe's "Claudina von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his "Tales of Wonder."

Frederick leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastes his steps to measure;
Careless casts the parting glance
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,
Keen to prove his untry'd blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone,
Mourn'd on Love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and Peace, and Honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!
See the tear of anguish flows!
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she curs'd and wild she pray'd,
Seven long days and nights are o'er,
Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides,
Marking blithe, the morning's glance,
Manthing o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly to the hills around
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears,
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrours rise,
In the steed the spur he hides,
From himself, in vain, he flies,
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days and seven long nights,
Wild he wandered, wo the while,
Ceaseless care and causeless fright
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends,
Rivers swell and rain streams pour,
While the deafening thunder lends
All the terrours of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
Where his head shall Frederick hide?
Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal dark and low,
Fast his steed the wanderer bound;
Down a ruin'd staircase, slow,
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie,
Glimmering lights are seen to glide!
"Blessed Mary, hear my cry!
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!"

Often lost their quivering beam,
Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest the ghastly gleam
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mixed with peals of laughter, rose;
As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close.

Midst the din, he seemed to hear
Voice of friends, by Death removed;
Well he knew that solemn air,
'Twas the lay that Alice lov'd.

Hark! for now a solemn knell,
Four times on the night still broke;
Four times at its deadened swell
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangours die,
Slowly opes the iron door,
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funeral's form it wore.

Coffins for the seats extend;
All with black the board was spread,
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long since numbered with the dead.

Alice in the grave clothes bound,
Ghastly smiling, points a seat:
All arose with thundering sound,
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome swell;
"Welcome, traitor, to the grave!
Perjur'd, bid the light farewell!"

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 107.)

Call upon the Almighty, he will help thee; thou needest not perplex thyself about any thing else; shut thine eyes; and whilst thou art asleep, he shall change thy bad fortune into good.
Arabian Nights Entertainments.

It is a favourite doctrine of what is called Modern Philosophy, to enlarge on the wonderful energies of the human mind, as if they alone were capable of establishing our moral conduct through life, and of supporting us under every trial of vicissitude and adversity; but if we fairly examine those energies, we must necessarily discover and admit a first cause whence they flow, and to which at times we must ultimately resort, when those capacities are imperfect or unavailing. It is therefore an absurd and dangerous argument, that would attempt to separate so invaluable a blessing from its divine source, and by such means weaken its current, and abate its strength, in the human mind; for our energies are never truly strong, but when they are supplied from the same fountain of eternal goodness, which, by a watchful and merciful Providence, helps us with unexpected aid when we are about to fall, and directs us, when we are going wrong, by the checks of adversity or disappointment; but the extraordinary powers of the human mind every where tacitly acknowledge their origin in the Deity, and thence religion became established as the immediate way from the creature to the Creator; and prayer, as the proper intercourse between God and man.

The philosopher, therefore, who fancies he has this strength in himself, will find, some time or other, that he is wofully mistaken. Common occurrences and events may pass over without notice, and the regulations of human wisdom and prudence have their accustomed success: but this is owing to the very nature of wisdom and prudence, they being emanations of the divine attributes; and good as naturally flows from them as mischief and sorrow from evil. The philosopher may also triumph over adverse fortune, pain, and sickness; but it is merely a strenuous and constant effort with calamity: whilst, on the other hand, religion teaches us to bend to the stroke, and to submit with cheerful resignation, with the additional comfort of looking forward to a better world. The philosopher of the present day is a poor forlorn being, who inquires after demonstraion, till he wastes away a whole life without hope, and dies after all in fear and doubt.

There are however, it is hoped, but few in the world who absolutely deny the existence of a ruling Providence; but numerous, indeed, are those who allow its power, and yet have but little faith or dependence upon it; they even speak, at times, of a particular Providence; but are altogether insensible of its interferences; by them every event is ascribed to its next immediate cause; they search no further; they would rather trust in Princes, and in the abundance of wealth, than to the power of an unseen Providence, because their narrow comprehensions only look to what the world calls probability of success, though disappointment is so often at hand to remind them, that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." They do not consider, that wisdom and prudence are the engines of Providence, placed in the mind of man for his preservation and happiness, and are derived from the first law of nature to serve his generous purposes; but

in the great events of life the superiour management of Providence becomes visible, clearing away difficulty, turning disappointment to success, and making all things possible. The modern philosopher, however, is as ignorant of this intervention as the sailor, who, when his messmate returned thanks to God, after the hearty meal they had just made, replied, "Thank God! for what? Isn't it our allowance?" It is the same species of insensibility that makes us so often cry out in adversity, what shall I do? I am ruined forever! nothing can save me! and, in prosperity, exclaim, how lucky! how fortunate! how well contrived! till, perhaps, a few days' experience convinces us of the kindness of Providence in having sent adversity, and the folly of our conclusions on what appeared like prosperity.

The benign influence of piety on the human mind is a sufficient proof of its truth and excellence; for devotion never fails to alleviate the sufferings of adversity, and is invaluable for the peace and serenity that it bestows. The belief in a ruling Providence is both agreeable to natural reason, and is established by religion; its effects on the human mind are described in a Persian Tale, that may not be unappropriate in this place; it is called,

The story of ESAMDI *and* ESOMDI, *the two Indian Merchants.*

The Sun had scarcely begun to gild the pagodas of Balsora with is rays, when Esamdi wandered from his home, toward the fruitful vallies of Doulat, to taste the pure pleasures of retirement. The soft air from the south met him on his way, and birds of various and beautiful plumage conducted him, as it were, to their retreat; the fragrance of the melon and the pine-apple was abroad, and delighted his senses with the sweetest of odours; he was surrounded by the enchantments of nature, and for a moment was a stranger to the complaints of his heart. Esamdi sought the cool shade of the cedar, and extended himself on the herbage beneath its branches, near a cool and refreshing stream, which silently crept through the verdure. Here the unhappy Esamdi gave way to his sorrows: he deplored the loss of Ali Boccus, his father, who was once a wealthy merchant, but, from an ill-timed generosity and unlooked-for misfortune, had become poor and insolvent. The humble Esamdi had not retired from the house of mourning, but from the reproaches he had heard, and the looks he had seen; the effects of his father were seized on to satisfy his debts, and he was left in poverty and distress. "Oh, Alla!" cried he, "I have no friend now; the companions of my youth desert me, and the objects of my former bounty come not; they have forgot Esamdi; none offer to help me; many have refused; I am utterly ruined; what can happen to save me from beggary, or the most abject want?" Esamdi was interrupted in these reflections by a beautiful little bird, which flew several times near the spot where he lay, chirping some of the sweetest notes he had ever heard; his attention became engaged to observe the event, when he saw another of a smaller size fly from a tree beyond him, accompanied by the one he had observed before, which he found to be its mother, instructing it in its first flight from the nest. "How gracious, oh, Alla!" cried Esamdi, "is thy providence, thus to discover to thy creatures the capacities suited to their necessities! the bird, when it is able, is taught to fly away for food; it feels the strength of its wings, and stretches them abroad. If the poor bird is then under the care of Providence, shall Esamdi, the servant of Alla, despair? no; I will return to my house; I will do all that wisdom and prudence dictate, for wisdom and prudence are the gifts of Alla; and I will then trust to his providence for the rest." With these words Esamdi arose, and when he came home, he found that the effects of his father had been distributed among the creditors; not even a sequin was left for Esamdi; his heart sunk within him; and he was on the point of offering himself as a slave to one of the merchants, when Burco Tula, a chief creditor, addressed him as follows, "Esamdi," cried he, "your father was my friend. I am not rich, but what I have I owe to him. My share for a debt that he owed me at his death is a camel and three pieces of silk; take them; and may Alla prosper your endeavours. If you succeed, you will repay me; if you do not, remember that I will take nothing from the unfortunate." Esamdi was so astonished at the generosity of the merchant, that he was for sometime speechless: but the language of gratitude at last found vent; he thanked him sincerely for his liberality, and no sooner left him, than he went to the mosque to pay adoration to that Being who had raised him a friend where he could not have expected to have met one. Esamdi led forth his camel, and with a joyous heart looked over his riches, which consisted only of three bales of rich Persian silk; and then prepared himself for a journey across the desert of Eyrac Arabia to Bagdad.

Esamdi set out at the new moon, with his single camel, but had not proceeded far before he fell in with the caravan of Esomdi, the rich merchant of Balsora, which consisted of three elephants and twelve camels, each laden with ten pieces of silk, twelve jars of oil, ten pots of honey, twelve bags of the finest coffee, twelve jars of figs, besides almonds, dates, olives, citrons, and the richest perfumes, myrrh, frankincense, and a variety of precious stones, such as emeralds,

sapphires, and amethysts. Esomdi was elegant in his person, and sumptuous in his apparel, of uncommon strength of body and mind, penetrating, skilful, prudent, and exact, and master of twelve camels and twenty elephants;—but he was a stranger to Alla.

Esamdi was wise, humble, complaisant, and just; he was master of only one camel and three pieces of silk; but he was the servant of Alla.

Esamdi was overjoyed to see at a distance the caravan of Esomdi, and made haste to overtake it, that he might make himself known to his friend; for they were companions in the days of their youth.

Esomdi was seated on his elephant when the camel-driver approached; but he remembered not his countenance. Esamdi ventured to make himself known; but the rich merchant scarcely deigned to listen to him; he therefore pressed him no further, but, turning aside with a heavy heart, drove his camel into another part of the desert: and happy it was for him that he did so, for in the night a party of Arabs surrounded the caravan of Esomdi, and stripped it of all the valuable merchandize they could find. At the next city, Esamdi was informed of the accident, and blessed the goodness of Alla, who had made the unkindness of his friend the means of his preservation. The three pieces of silk were exposed to sale in the Bazar, and owing to the failure of the arrival of the caravan of Esomdi, fetched a good price. The young merchant received a quantity of gold-dust in exchange, with which he bought other merchandize, and loaded his camel home.

The merchant Esomdi had also returned to Balsora; but his loss was soon retrieved, for immense were the treasures of Esomdi; and he treated his misfortune as the mere effect of chance. Love now occupied his thoughts: he became enamoured with Lestina, the daughter of the Cadi of Bagdad: she was tall and fair, but the merchant looked only to the valuable present he was to receive at the day of her marriage.

Esamdi married too, in the same month, Boxu, the daughter of Surac, an honest fisherman who had saved some money by industry; and the wife of Esamdi was humble, frugal, and of a mild and sweet temper.

The house of Esomdi was now the mansion of pleasure: feast succeeded feast, and nothing but musick and singing was heard, till at length, the beautiful Lestina was brought to bed of a lovely female infant, which was named Turab, or the Star of the Morning.

The wife of Esamdi was also blessed with a male child, whom they called Jeruff, or the Happy.

Esamdi, moderate in his desires, and careful in his expenses, grew richer every day; and for every day's prosperity he returned thanks to the goodness of Alla. His wife Boxu joined in the morning and evening prayer, and their young infant already lisped the language of devotion.

It was not so with Esomdi: he grew wealthy, but peace was far from his dwelling; he forever felt languor and discontent, and was continually weary and fatigued without labour, except when dissipation called him away to some new excess; nor was he happy in the wife he had chosen, who teazed him with her pride and ill-temper, and perplexed him with her extravagancies.

Esomdi was not sensible of his unhappiness, till one day, when he went abroad to taste the pure air in the delightful vallies of Doulat. Twenty palanquins preceded that of the fair Lestina, which had a beautiful covering of silk of a silver colour. The palanquin of Esomdi followed, on which he lay, tortured with domestick jars and infelicity.

It was here that he met the wife of Esamdi in her palanquin, instucting her beautiful boy, who was seated next her, in the precepts of the Vedam; filial affection sparkled in his eyes, and her lovely countenance betrayed no inquietude. Esamdi was in his palanquin at her side; and their discourse was of friendship and love.

"Alas!" cried Esomdi, "a few months past this man was but a poor camel-driver, and even now his riches exceed not the twentieth part of mine, yet he is happier than I."

Esamdi was by this time able to discharge his debt to his friend Burco Tula, together with his father's. Thus the merchant enriched himself by his humanity, and made a fellow creature happy.

The rich merchant was, however, possessed of one blessing which alleviated the discontent of his heart: it was his lovely Turab, who grew more beautiful every day, and displayed a mind putting forth all the perfections of human nature: she was gentle, tender, sensible, and engaging. Essomdi became enraptured with his child, and thought of nothing else but of what he conceived to be her happiness.

For a while the sun of prosperity shone full upon the house of Esomdi; but its rays were now intercepted by a black and tremendous cloud. The infant Turab was missed from her cradle one morning, and all search was in vain; the distracted Esomdi caused inquiries to be made throughout Balsora; and a large reward was offered to any who could give information of the child; even the Caliph published an edict to that effect. But fruitless are human endeavours when Providence forbids their success.

This misfortune of Esomdi's was but the prelude to others. A rapid fire destroyed the warehouses wherein his merchandize was stored; and a fatal distemper carried off his vast herds and flocks. The proud Lestina, with the grief of having lost her child, and incapable of bearing a change of fortune, died with disappointment and vexation, and left the unhappy Esomdi alone to withstand the storm of adversity: but he was ill able for the task; he began already to find that his wisdom and fortitude availed him little; he sought a shelter from the tempest, but knew not where to fly for it. Abased by poverty, and depressed by his misfortune, the wretched Esomdi applied for assistance to the gay partners of his festive moments, but in vain; every attempt failed, till he saw himself reduced to the same situation which was once the lot of the humble Esamdi; one camel was all that remained to him, and three jars of oil. With this small stock of merchandize, the once rich Esomdi set out to cross the plains of Arabia; and Providence so ordered it, that he fell in with the rich caravan of Esamdi at the self-same spot where he had passed by him in the hour of exultation and pride. Shame prevented the distressed Esomdi from approaching near, but Esamdi knew the companion of his youth afar off, and called to him; bid him welcome with a face of satisfaction, and made him join his caravan. The unhappy Esomdi now felt his former fault with all the keenness of anguish: and asked his friend how he could so cordially receive the man who had at one time cruelly left him to cross the desert alone. "Alas!" replied Esamdi, "how mistaken is the pride of man! Know, Esomdi, that it was thou that wast left alone to cross the desert; for the great Alla was not with the caravan of the rich merchant of Balsora. Mark the ways of Providence: if thou hadst not slighted the companion of thy youth, the little all he had would have been lost with thine."—"Unhappy that I am," replied Esomdi; "but I am punished for my pride and ingratitude."—"Thou must not call that punishment," cried Esamdi, "which is meant as mercy. Thou hast estranged thyself from the only truly powerful, rich, and faithful friend of man, his Creator. Alas! it is much better to have only one camel and three jars of oil, with the love of Alla, than the riches of the East without it." "I perceive that I have been wrong," cried Esomdi, "and find that I have received numerous blessings at the hand of Providence, without returning thanks for even one of them."—"Let us then," answered the good Esamdi, "do it now. We will alight: yonder is a mosque: Esomdi must thank the gracious Providence of Alla, that he has left him only one camel, and three jars of oil; for his adversity hath enriched his mind with wisdom."

After the merchants had paid their adorations to the Authour of all good, they proceeded to Bagdad; and having found a market for their merchandize, returned to Balsora. "Farewell!" cried Esamdi to his friend; "return home; good luck awaits you, for you no longer are left alone; God is with you."

When the merchant Esomdi arrived at his house, he found a lack of pagodas which a stranger had just left, and which, it may easily be conceived, were sent him by the generous Esamdi, and a beautiful female walking in the garden, accompanied by another of whose face he thought he had some recollection. He was however, seeing them strangers, unwilling to accost them, lest they should quit the gardens; and therefore inquired among the servants if they knew who they were, but none of them could give any account whatever. His curiosity, however, was such, that he could not refrain from going into the walk, when the elder of the two approached, and presented to him his lovely daughter Turab, grown to the full perfection of a woman, and adorned with every grace. "See," cried the stranger, "the goodness of Alla! Behold your daughter: You may, perhaps, remember, when she was quite an infant, that her nurse Shira was dismissed from her delightful employ, by the lady Lestina, without any real cause of complaint. I am that Shira. My father is one of the Sages who reside on the borders of the Ganges; and from his knowledge of futurity, he assured me, that unless the infant Turab was taken from her parents, she would become depraved and wicked, and be subject to shame and misery at an early part of her life. My love for the infant, and the visible neglect of its education, induced me to steal it away, and convey it to my father's habitation. I dreaded the consequence of its being brought up without piety, and foresaw the probability of the events taking place which my father had foretold, unless prevented in time. It was in that peaceful shelter that I made her acquainted with the delightful precepts of our religion; and I now present her to you with a sweet disposition, and an innocent uncorrupted heart. May it be a full recompense for what you have suffered by her absence." The lovely Turab knelt at her father's feet, and he embraced her with an ecstasy of joy; nor did he ever cease to thank the good Shira for her care and prudence.

The wonderful story of the beautiful Turab's being found was soon spread over Balsora: hundreds came to see the lovely daughter of Esomdi, and among the rest was the son of Esamdi, who was so much

struck with the charms of her person, and the excellence of her mind, that he asked her of her father, whose consent was easily obtained. Thus Esomdi's riches were renewed in his daughter Turab; and he felt that full share of contentment which a dependence on the Almighty never fails to produce. Esamdi became the constant friend and companion of Esomdi; and the happy Jeruff led the lovely Turab to the altar, where two hearts became united which were prepared for happiness by a virtuous education, and guarded from the pains of adversity by a lively trust and dependence upon the providence of the Deity they adored.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the bil'low,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

THE COMPLAINT.

FROM ROLLI.

Grant to a heart with anguish breaking,
Ye woods and wilds, some short repose,
Amid your silent horrours seeking
Scenes congenial to its woes.

The sportive dance, the spritely measure
Please no more my jaundic'd eye,
I sicken at the sight of pleasure,
I loath the light and wish to die.

Tell me, ye shades, if here retiring
My Laura's angel form you see?—
Alas! how vain for her inquiring!
For her, who wanders far from me.

How oft, beneath yon bower of roses,
On the bank of violets blue,
Where the fairy train reposes,
And sips the cowslip's honied dew,

Her snowy breast with rapture heaving
Has to my glowing heart been prest!
While to my lips her soft lips cleaving
In murmuring sounds her love exprest.

But swiftly fly the hours of pleasure,
Swift as the rainbow's fleeting form,
Ere you can seize the lovely treasure
Vanishing amid the storm!

O, tell me, then, dear shades, if ever
Our fond hearts again shall meet?—
Echo seems to answer, "never!"
Shrouded in her cool retreat.

I hear a gentle murmur dying
On the woodbine-scented gale—
Is it Laura softly sighing,
"Haste my quick return to hail!"

No, 'twas yon rill o'er pebbles straying,
Murm'ring in pity of my pain,
On whose breast the moonbeam playing
Points where it steals across the plain.

May love, sweet maid, thy breast inspiring,
Lead thee to these shades once more,
Ere my heart with madness firing
Cease thy absence to deplore.

But haste, or vain were thy returning,
Unless to view my early doom,
Or drop a tear with anguish burning
Upon thy faithful lover's tomb.

I have known a Scotch servant who, being young, thoughtless, and of a canty turn of mind, lived for some time, out of place very idly. When any of the other servants, his acquaintances, were allowed a day of pleasuring, Andrew was sure to be of the party. At this rate all the money he had received from his last master, would soon have been *cast to the cocks:* but, in the midst of this, he received a letter from his mother, at Selkirk, informing him of his father's death, by which she and his sister were reduced to great poverty and distress. This news made a most laudable alteration in the conduct of Andrew; he shunned all those parties of which he had been formerly so fond. And when other servants pressed him very much, saying, "you used to be as fond of mirth and good wine as your neighbours;" Andrew shook his head, and replied, "if I drink wine, my mother and sister must drink water;" and the very next day, he called on me with *ten pounds* he had amassed, which he desired me to pay to a banker, for an order on a house at Edinburgh, to remit the value to his mother. *Moore.*

THE FAITHFUL CAMP BUTCHER.

Sam Steel is my name, and a man of some fame,
For where the boys march, there am I;

Yet pray take me right, I mean not to fight,
No—mine is their wants to supply:
For go where I will, I knock down and kill,
And prove, if you'll give me belief,
By night and by day, a friend as you'll say,
And find them old English roast-beef,
Brave boys!
And find them old English roast-beef.

Like Britons they beat, and like Britons they eat,
And while I can handle a knife,
I'll cut up and carve, a soldier to serve,
E'en though at the risk of my life.
And since in the battle though cannons may rattle,
A soldier's a stranger to grief,
I'll prove very clear, to my heart they are dear,
And find them old English roast-beef, &c.
Then, this too I'll boast, old England's my toast,
And her champions for ever, say I;
May they fight in her cause, nor e'er make a pause,
Till they see all her enemies fly.
And if I turn tail in my duty, or fail,
Why, may I be hang'd like a thief;
No, no, while I live, my assistance I'll give,
And find them old English roast-beef, &c.

—

Angry friendship is sometimes as bad as calm enmity. For this reason the cold neutrality of abstract justice, is, to a good and clear cause, a more desirable thing than an affection liable to be any way disturbed. When the trial is by friends, if the decision should happen to be favourable, the honour of the acquittal is lessened; if adverse, the condemnation is exceedingly embittered. It is aggravated by coming from lips professing friendship, and pronouncing judgment with sorrow and reluctance. Taking in the whole view of life, it is more safe to live under the jurisdiction of severe but steady reason, than under the empire of indulgent, but capricious passion.

—

SUMMER EVENING.

By the late R. B. Davis Esqr.

Eliza, view this placid scene,
Where evening sheds her silver smile;
Calm, solitary, and serene,
Here let us rove and muse awhile.

Behold the gentle waving trees
That turn to zephyr's last embrace;
While on the slowly passing breeze
Mild musick swims with soften'd grace.

Sweetly repeated through the grove,
Responsive, hark, the night birds call,
Chiming their sylvan notes of love,
To the low murmuring waterfall.

How lovely is the gentle rill
By the fond, sportive moonbeams kist;
The mead, the wood, the distant hill
High crown'd with evening's dewy mist!

Here Meditation loves to tread,
And Fancy here delights to stray;
And leaving oft the slothful bed,
Here Genius waits the rising day.

Though charming the romantick scene,
Whether at morning's radiant hour,
Or when the evening star serene
Sheds on the earth its dewy power:

In vain the landscape, gay and bright,
Extends its varying beauties far;
In vain the amorous birds of night
Salute the evening's twinkling star.

Unless, Eliza, thou art there,
These pleasures bring no joy to me;
And when the purest bliss I share,
I love to boast, 'twas shared with thee.

—

ICE AND FIRE.

Naked Love did to thine eye,
Chloris, once, to warm him fly;
But its subtle flame and light
Scorch'd his wings, and spoil'd his sight.

Forced from thence, he went to rest
In the soft couch of thy breast:
But there met a frost so great
As his torch extinguish'd straight.

When poor Cupid thus (constrain'd
His cold bed to leave) complain'd,
"Alas! what lodging's here for me,
"If all ice and fire she be?"

—

The following is a curious picture of French frivolity.

The inhabitants of Paris spend the greater part of their time in *dancing*. However extraordinary the fact may appear, it is no less true, that when the Prussians were at Chatons, the Austrians at Valenciennes, and Robespierre in the Convention—*they danced*. When the young conscripts were in momentary expectation of quitting their parents, their friends, and their mistresses, to join the army —*they danced*. *Vive la danse* seems almost to prevail over *vive l'amour!* In summer, Frenchmen dance in rural gardens, in winter they caper in magnificent apartments. The walls of the metropolis are covered with advertisements, announcing balls, and the silence of solitary streets is inter-

rupted by the shrill scraping of the itinerant fiddler.

Young clerks in office go to publick balls, where the gallants pay 30 *sous* for admission. Thither they escort milliners and mantua makers of the *elegant* class, and, in general, the first rate order of those engaging belles known in Paris by the generick name of *grisettes*.

Jewellers' apprentices, ladies' hair dressers, journeymen tailors, dance at 20 *sous* a head, with sempstresses and ladies' maids.

Journeymen shoemakers, and workmen of other trades assemble in *guingettes*, where they dance at 3 *sous* a ticket, with *grisettes* of an inferiour order.

Locksmiths, carpenters, and joiners dance, at 2 *sous* a ticket, with a species of dancing girls whom the tavern-keepers hire for the day, as they do the fiddlers.

Water carriers and porters have their private balls, where they dance with fruit girls and stocking menders.

Porters of the corn market dance with buxom wenches who keep them in countenance, either in dancing, fighting, or drinking brandy.

Coal hewers dance with plain spoken market women and nosegay girls.

Lastly, one more link completes the chain of this nomenclature of *capers*. Beggars, sturdy or decrepit, dance. The mendicant, who was apparently lame in the day, at night lays aside his crutch and resumes his natural activity.

—

Southey has distinguished himself by prose, as well as poetical composition. His letters from Spain and Portugal are remarkable for ease and vivacity. The following description of Night and Sleep in Spain, will divert the reader.

Oh, the misery of the night! I have been so *flead* that a painter would find me an excellent subject for the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew. Jacob's pillar of stone was a down cushion compared to that which bruised my head last night, and my bed had all possible varieties of hill and dale, in whose recesses the fleas lay safe; for otherwise, I should have inevitably broken their bones by rolling over them. Add to this catalogue of comforts, that the cats were saying soft things in very vile Spanish: and you may judge what refreshment I have received from sleep.

—

An old woman at Coruna.

The women here soon appear old, and then every feature settles *into symmetry of ugliness*.

If ever Opie paints another *witch*, he ought to visit Coruna. All ideas that you can form of blear eyes, mahogany complexion, and shrivelled parchment must fall infinitely short of the life.

—

SERENADE.

If, like Phœbus in the west,
Those brighter suns, thine eyes, at rest,
Hide their weary beams in night
From me, who live but in their light,
Oh! how slow the hours will creep,
Till from the east the day-star peep,
And chasing slumber from thine eyes,
Bid me to new life arise.——
There is a flower, that when the sun
Begins his daily course to run,
Spreads her leaves, and shuts again
When he dives into the main,—
In love that flower resembles me,
Thou sun of my idolatry.

—

CUPID ROBBED.

As fast beside a murmuring stream,
In blissful visions Cupid lay,
Chloe, as she softly came,
Snatched his golden shafts away.

From place to place, in sad surprize,
The little angry godhead flew,
Trembling in his ruddy eyes
Hung the pearly drops of dew.

So on the rose, in blooming May,
When purple Phœbus rises bright,
Liquid gems of silver lay,
Pierced with glittering streams of light.

Fair Venus, with a tender languish,
Smiling, thus her son addrest,
As he murmured out his anguish,
Trembling on her snowy breast.

"Peace, gentle infant, I implore,
"Nor lavish precious tears in vain;
"Chloe, when the jest is o'er,
"Brings the useless shafts again.

" Can Chloe need the shafts of love,
" Young, blooming, witty, plump and fair?
" Charms and raptures round her move,
" Murmuring sighs and deep despair.

" Millions for her unheeded die,
" Millions to her their blessings owe;
" Every motion of her eye
" Murders more than Cupid's bow!"

—

SONG.

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Not, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee,
By every thought I have:
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored,
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true?

—

SONG.

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

—

THE RIVAL.

Too beauteous Rival, whose enticing charms
Once to my heart's sole darling seem'd so fair,
That oft he praises still thy ivory arms,
Thy ruby lips, blue eyes, and auburn hair;
Say, when he heard thy tongue's seducing strain,
Stood he e'er silent, or with scorn replied?
Or turn'd with alter'd brow of cold disdain
From thy soft smiles, as now from mine, aside?
Once, once too well I know he held thee dear;
And then, when captive to thy sovereign will—
But why that look abash'd, that starting tear,
Those conscious blushes, which my fears fulfil?—
Speak, answer, speak?—Nay, answer not; forbear;
If thou must answer, that he loves thee still.

—

ODE.

Can Eliza love like me,
Tender, constant, and sincere?
When I'm far, sweet maid, from thee,
Will remembrance hold me dear?
From my fair one doom'd to part,
Doom'd to tempt an unknown sea,
Will Eliza's gentle heart
Form one tender wish for me?

Rapid o'er the blackening wave
When tremendous whirlwinds sweep,—
Angry clouds in thunder rave—
Lightnings gleam across the deep;
While I hear the mingled roar,
Horrour's dread variety,
Will Eliza in that hour
Cast one tender thought on me?

If with agonizing breath,
Faint I stem the dashing wave;
If the chilling hand of death
Lay me in the billowy grave:
When the last low gasping sigh
Sets the struggling spirit free,
Will Eliza's melting eye
Drop one tender *tear* for me?

One kind wish—one thought—one tear,
Warm, Eliza, from thy heart,
Calm my sorrows, chase my fear,
Make it almost bliss to part.
These bid absence—danger—death,
Cease my anxious thoughts to claim;
These shall stay my parting breath,
To repeat Eliza's name.

—

THE THORN.

From the white blossomed sloe my dear Chloe requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn;
No, by Heav'ns, I exclaimed, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a THORN.

Then I showed her a ring, and implored her to marry,
She blushed like the dawning of morn;
Yes, I'll consent, she replied, if you'll promise
No jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.
No, by Heav'ns, I exclaimed, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a THORN.

—

We have repeatedly published in The Port Folio, versions of the classical ode of Mr. Gray, composed during his tour in Switzerland. The following, by Mr. Howe, a living poet, is eminently beautiful.

Gray's Alcaicks, on his visit to the Grand Chartreuse, on his severi Religio loci.

Hail genius of these shades severe
Whatever name delight thine ear:
For sure some Spirit on this ground,
Breathing a holy calm around,
Well pleased with Nature's rugged grandeur roves
About these hallowed streams and aged groves.

'Mid rugged cliffs and rocks that frown,
And torrents tumbling headlong down,
And the dark horrours of the wood,
More we discern THE PRESENT GOD
Than when beneath the citron dome he stands,
In golden radiance wrought by Phidian hands.

Oh, hail! and if with honour due,
GENIUS thy sacred name I woo,
Attend a suppliant youth's request,
And sooth his weary soul to rest;
Hence let me lose the world and all its woes
In calm oblivion and secure repose.

But if stern Fate's decree denies
To early youth the sober joys
Of silent, peaceful solitude,
Joys worthy of the wise and good;
And where the tide of life impetuous sweeps,
Bears me reluctant down the troubled deeps.

FATHER, at least, in life's decline,
Be sweet retirement's blessings mine:
Far from the *rabble's foolish rage*,
Be the still evening of my age,
There give me in some calm retreat, like this
To wait resigned the dawn of Heavenly bliss.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

The writings of CARR the traveller are often frivolous, and yet from the cheeriness of his manner, and from the numerous anecdotes with which they abound, are perused with some complacency. The following political paragraph which occurs in his "Stranger in France" is perfectly to our taste.

I very often passed by the *ci devant* Hall of the National Convention, in which the hapless King and Queen were doomed to the scaffold, where Murder was legitimated, Religion denounced, and the grave declared to be the bed of eternal repose.

In vindication of the ways of eternal justice, *even upon earth*, this polluted pile is participating the fate of its devoted members.

Those walls, which once resounded with the *florid declamation of republican visionaries* the most *worthless and desperate of mankind*, are prevented, for a short time, (by a few crazy props, from covering the earth below with their dust and ruins. The famed Temple of the *Goddess of Liberty* is not *tenantable* enough to cover that Babel Deity from the peltings of the midnight storm.

Where is now the enthusiastick Gironde, where the volcanick *Mountain*, the fiery Mirabeau, the wily Brissot, the atheistick Lequinois, the remorseless Marat, and the bloody St. Just? All is desolate and silent. The gaping planks of the gullotine are imbued with their last traces. The *haunt of the banditti is uncovered.* The Revolution has preyed upon her own children; and *metaphysical murderers* have perished by the *daggers of speculative republicans.*

About two years since, this place was converted into a *menagerie.* The *cave*, the *wilderness*, the *desert* and the *jungle* presented to the eye of the beholder *representative successours* of those *savages*, who with more powers and *more ferocity* were once enclosed within the same *den.*

—

In the following contemptuous manner, a great moralist mentions the republican fac-

tion, the bellowers of sedition, and the boors of Middlesex.

In all lead, says the chymist, there is silver, and in all copper there is gold. But mingled masses are justly denominated by the greater quantity, and when the precious particles are *not worth extraction*, a *fraction* and a *pig* must be melted down together to the forms and offices that Chance allots them.

Fiunt urceoli, pulves, sartago, patellæ.

None can wonder, says a great politician, that *Democracy* is supported by *sectaries*, the *natural fomenters of sedition*, and *confederates of the rabble*, and of whose religion little now remains but *hatred of establishments*.

When the King's friends, at the commencement of his reign, had obtained some advantages over the *democrats* of the day, who vapoured and roared without inspiring any terrour, a political writer of the most admirable principles, thus disdainfully describes the malecontents with the court.

To be harmless, though by impotence, obtains some degree of kindness; no man hates a *worm* as he hates a viper. The faction were once dreaded enough to be detested as serpents that could bite: they have now shown that they can only hiss, and may, therefore, *quietly slink into holes* and *change their slough unmolested and forgotten*.

For The Port Folio.

ARROWSMITH'S WORLD.

To the long list of useful and elegant productions in the arts and sciences, with which the enterprize of the American printers and booksellers, have furnished the publick, we are happy to add, this grand and useful geographical tract. The reader will perceive by the advertisement on The Port Folio that this map (European copies of which are very scarce, and command the exorbitant price of 18 dollars) is to be executed in a style of correctness and splendour equal to the original, and will be delivered to the subscribers at the reduced price of 8 dollars. We are persuaded that an undertaking so honourable to the publick taste, and the national talent, will receive, as it obviously deserves, a liberal and distinguished patronage.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Student" wishes for rules in reading. To form a plan of study and to force it upon the practice of all, has been the favourite project of many a speculative scholar. But as different rules are required by different minds and different constitutions, we are of opinion that all formal systems of this kind are more specious than solid. For the most part, our inclination to certain sciences or certain departments of literature, may be pretty safely consulted: Shakspeare, who was a most exemplary student, has advised more judiciously than all the doctors. The passage, which is full of practical wisdom, occurs in Taming the Shrew. It is the lesson of Tranio to Lucentio.

Talk Logick with acquaintance that you have,
And PRACTICE RHETORICK IN YOUR COMMON TALK;
Musick and Poesy use *to quicken you;*
The Mathematicks and the Metaphysicks,
Fall to them *as you find your stomach serves you.*
No *profit* grows where is no *pleasure* ta'en.
In brief, sir, *study what you most affect.*

To his studious correspondent, the Editor honestly recommends *these rules*. From the first moment that we felt the love of literature to the present hour, we have found no better guides.

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